

Who am I?

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-04-10 05:44:27

Updated: 2014-06-25 00:59:21

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:19:07

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 13,747

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A young man suffers the consequences of a dragon attack, sending his memories into the deepest, most inaccessible parts of his own mind, but when his world turns upside down for him and he is sent spiralling into the very dragon that almost killed him. He has to make a decision, one that will forge who he is, not who he was.

1. Chapter 1: Who am I?

The town was burning under a half moon, the flames were devouring, licking the people, singing and burning, roaring and crackling, its light shrouded by the storm's clouds, rain, and flashes, the sound of the flurry of water falling out of the sky like Thor's tears smothering the peoples screams. Everyone was fleeing, A young-man clad in leather and iron armour was one of the last people on the long ship, It departed. A sharp piercing sound rippled through his bones with the thunderous clap of Thor himself, Lightning struck the people around him, the beast shattered the war-ship into thousands of splinters, each on it's own destructive path...

Drifting in and out of conscientiousness with lightning licking his body, He looked through the shroud of white streaks at the beast's head, a menacing look in its eyes like it was taking pleasure in his captive's pain and anguish... He awoke to thunder, rattling his whole body, his soul, his mind, lightning struck a black object in front of his captor sending two objects plummeting to the ground, something metallic struck the wing of the beast, sending the creature and his payload rocketing to the ground as well...

The warm feeling of sunlight tickled his skin in a flurry of stimulation, the red glow behind his closed eyes woke him. As he opened his eyes, he was met with the blinding light of the sun stabbing at his most acute sense, he quickly shielded his eyes with his hand letting his eyes adjust to it. The birds where chirping, the wind was rattling the leaves and swaying the trees, a surreal calm swept over his body as he lay on the ground.

Everything felt so unreal, it felt like he was dreaming, but something felt so wrong, like a corruption eating away at the far end of his mind. Soon that corruption engulfed him, he came to the realization that he did not know where he was. Panic swept over him like the wind over the trees. He felt like he was floating over his body, so close yet so distant from everything else. Trying to remember what happened, and how he got there evaded him, only pieces came to his mind. He could not remember anything, even that of his old life. "_Who am I?" _he asked aloud as if some one would answer him.

The panic soon subsided as he was in no sort of danger, he silently observed his surroundings, sweeping his eyes back and forth to create a mental map of the area. He had landed in a cove, hard rock walls, a lake in the centre with some waterfalls feeding their clear crystalline solution into the calm surface, he looked deep into his reflection on the waters surface, his face was caked in dry blood shifting his eyes he followed the red trails back to the source, a large gash that ran along his forehead, it had long stopped bleeding. His short brown hair was matted with grime and blood and he was covered in yellow and purple bruises. He looked pitiful, a mess of a person physically and mentally, his body ached and throbbed with each pulse of his heart.

He stared at the water, every and every drop of water that was in that lake enticed the teen, spoke soothing words into his fractured mind, he slowly took off his garments and stepped into the crystal clear water, the grime, dirt and blood that stuck to his body dissipated into the water. His mind was at peace again as the water sapped his pain away into it's cool depths, all he could do was Float in the water, it was an extremely beautiful place, the pink and orange sunset reflected off the surface of the water as the day got darker, night was taking it's turn.

The last of the sun light disappeared, leaving the moon's light to illuminate the boy's surroundings, with the absence of the sun, the air became chilly. He quickly removed himself from the water, his skin developing small bumps in the cold air as he strode over to his garments, he was quick to put them back on, but even then his breaths were sporadic and each one of his mussels twitched.

He scanned the area around him before he took off, he quickly walked around the cove, picking up any pieces of tinder and wood that he could find laying on the soft green moss that lined the ground. With the newly acquired materials he set to work piling the wood, taking the straightest stick that was in the bundle, he rapidly spin the stick against another piece of timber, his hands becoming more and more numb as he rolled the stick in his hands, the two pieces of wood finally started to blacken, sending a plume of choking smoke into his face, coughing, he brought the wood up to his grass tinder, and poured the bright orange embers into the dry bundle of plant material.

After a moment of smothering, flames roared to life within the tinder, devouring each strand of grass. He quickly put the flaming tinder under the pile of sticks and wood, the flames from the tinder quickly transferred to the wood, food for the flame to devour, the fire roared to life as the fire consumed the fuel, it's heat buffeting the teen's body causing him to quickly fall asleep, with

the fire crackling a sweet lullaby.

~o0o0o~

He awoke in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, dry tears lined his cheeks, he had been crying in his sleep. He dreamed of it...The beast, Razor sharp spines lined it's head and went down the centre of its back, It's two large legs wielding long talons that could cut through flesh and bones with ease, two large spikes protruding from the wings, his hair raising on end at the sight of the foul creature.

He looked around, the camp fire had long gone, out and all that was left was the hot embers, the moonlight and the embers were the only source of light that he had left. He scoured nearby tree roots for some tinder, he pulled off some of the tree's bark and grabbed the twigs off the ground around it. He took one of the embers from the fire and rolled it into a bundle of dry grass, a small flame roared to life and with that, he slid the burning tinder under another pile of wood. With the fire going again, he leaned up against a near by rock to rest his aching body, he did not dare to go to sleep, in fear of what lurked in the depths of his own mind, he tried to keep his eyes open but failed to do so as his eyes drooped down, he gave into the consuming darkness.

He was hard at work the next day, he constructed a rudimentary wooden spear out of a long tree branch and went fishing in the small lake, with each thrust of the spear, the fish tried to flee, but he and the spear proved to be too quick, for the water dwelling creatures. The water bloodied as the fish struggled against its impending doom, slowly it bled out causing the water to turn a deeper crimson, until it died. It was around mid day when he sat down at the fire to cook the fish, they were rather large fish and he had about five of them, if rationed properly, it would be enough food to last him a few days, that is if he smoked them over a hot fire.

He got half way through cooking the fish when the fire burned out, he would loose the fish if he did not cook them right away, so he quickly went off to gather more wood, his search led him half way across the cove to a spot that he had not been to. He passed a tall shrub, when something caught his eye. He looked in its direction and and to his horror, The Thing looked back at him. It was the beast.

~o0o0o~

He was stunned, he was a mere fifty feet from where it lay, the thing that destroyed his life, the thing that drew blood from him, the thing took his memory's away! but something felt so wrong, the look in its eyes was not that of hatred, but of pain, of agony, of sadness and of fear. The Teen's eyes immediately shifted to the creatures wings, one of them stood out. One was completely fine but the other looked broken, it laid helplessly on the ground, a few inches behind where the wing was broken was a piece of metal sticking through, blood was still seeping from the wound.

He felt happy, the beast got what it had coming, but then those eyes caught him again, sadness, something he thought a creature could never feel. He felt it, he felt the beast's pain, he knew that pain all too well, his mind spun in circles as conflicts raged on in his

head, he looked at the creature with empathy, yet underlying that was hatred, hatred for what? hatred for the pain that the creature caused him, but that dark emotion could not over shadow the empathy. Outwardly groaning at the mental pain that the conflicts raging in his head caused, he retreated back to the campfire, hesitant to turn his back to such a dangerous animal. Finding the few fish that he had not yet smoked he grabbed the fish that looked the least appetizing a long yellow and black striped eel that had yet to fully stop gulping for the precious water that it lived in.

With the eel slowly wriggling in his hand the teen slowly approached the large winged creature, it's spines gleaming in the evening air, as well as the beads of blood rolling off the surface of the wound. Slowly raising the writhing eel in his hand, he kept his distance, weary that it could lash out like a pinned boar, he let out a startled yelp as the creatures head shot up at the sight of the eel, it's eyes narrowing at the yellow and black striped fish. Quickly lobbing the eel within feet of the beast, the teen watched as the creature slowly inched himself to the fish, each inch more painful than the other, the soft sound of the broken bone flexing under the limp wing. He grabbed it in his jaws, the creatures long sharp teeth sunk into the eel's slick hide, with a quick jerk of the head, it swallowed the fish whole. The teen felt empathetic towards the creature, he did not know why he felt that way, if he was not thinking straight, or if he was fascinated by the creature. He feared the beast at first, but the emotions that he saw the creature express, took some of that fear away, that night he built the fire closer to where the beast lay.

Warm jets of steam shot out of the mouth and nose of the sleeping teen, slowly rising into the chilly morning air. With a quick huff, his eyes cracked open to reveal the dew strewn moss on the floor of the cove, the small droplets capturing the light of the sunrise and emitting it as thousands of small stars of pinkish-orange light. The cove's water, laden with a thin layer of mist, delicately swirling in the ever-changing currents of the life-bringing air, the sound of ten-thousand droplets of water crashing into the surface of the pristine water from their high perches in the stream beds above the rock walls resonated within the enclosure.

The teen let out a long sigh as his hands perched themselves upon the sponge-like moss to support the weight of his body, he got up onto his feet quietly groaning as his body ached. Letting out a drawn out yawn the teen's head swivelled slowly to fully observe the cove's morning beauty, the mist, the light, the creature, something put him off though, it was not in the same place he left it the previous night, some how it managed to drag it's self from the large indent where it had laid previously to the edge of the water where it was slowly lapping up the crystalline solution. With the creature's accomplishment, came it's bane, it's injured wing had been damaged even more.

The creature's wound kept getting worse with each passing hour, the wound developed a large lesion and the scales where flaking off, the creature was in pain but like a true animal tried to hide it away from the world. The teen watched it all happen, the creature progressing to an untimely doom, a doom that would come to a living thing, to a scary thing, to something that did not deserve to die. The boy's mind seized as internal conflicts raged once again, this time between fear and empathy. Without even thinking, he started

picking up sticks, plucking tall grass and tearing down vines off the surface of the rocks.

As the creature came back into view, the boy's anxiety picked up and his fear returned from the depths of his own mind, but his feet kept persisting, fifty feet, twenty five feet, fifteen feet, ten feet, the closer he got to the creature the more he felt his fear repelling him away from the beast like magic, five feet he stopped in front of the creature. Both he and the creature could feel the tension rising, bubbling up between them. Both the creature and the teen examined one another trying to determine what the other was going to do, neither wanted to make the first move but eventually the teen's hand stretched towards the beast's wing.

The creature looked at him with worried eyes, but soon those eyes morphed into those of anger. The creature lunged at the teen sending the boy onto his back, he looked at the beast, it's eyes filled with fear and frustration, the creature lunged again, but the boy pulled his feet back in time before they where severed in the mouth of the beast, the teen slid himself as far away from the creature as his hands could pull at the dirt below. The beast readied himself once again, it's massive mussels cocking it's self like a bow ready to release, with one swift motion the mussels propelled it forward, but before it got far, the beast collapsed under it's own injury. The creature let out a weak, painful yelp, before coming to a halt, feet from where the boy laid, petrified, minutes passed, each minute feeling like an eternity for the teen who watched the laboured breaths of the beast.

The beast struggled to stay awake, it's breaths becoming shallower and shallower as the minutes passed, only as soon as the creature's eyes shut did the teen even think of getting up, with the fear once again subsiding, the teen had one chance to save the creature, because when he looked in the creature's eyes, he saw that it was giving up, it's spark was fading from it's weary eyes. The boy slowly approached the beast's figure, weary of another lash out, a close call or something much worse.

The creature just laid there keeping a weak, yet worried eye on the tall boy, such and injury was life threatening with no help, and the beast fully understood that, all his hope fled from him as he prepared for the end. The teen slid past the beast's head to the injured wing and began looking over the wound, the wing bent sharply towards the ground and slightly behind that was a gash with a large piece of metal protruding from the wound. The teen's eyes shifted from the wound back to the creature's eyes, worry flooding into both of them but for two separate reasons.

The boy slowly raised his hand and stretched it out towards the creature's glistening grey scales, he hesitated for a moment, before touching the creature for the first time. He firmly planted his hand on the creature's wing, it's grey scales smooth, but slick with the blood from the wound, with the other hand he reached out and grabbed the large metal shrapnel with his other hand and yanked the piece out, quickly tossing the metal aside. The beast hollered in pain before lowering his head back down to rest on the moss covered ground. Fresh blood seeped from the open wound, but would soon stop as it thickened around the edges of the exposed flesh.

One thing was left to do, put a splint on the broken wing, but such a

thing worried the teen, before his brain could fully react, his hands where already grasping the edge of the wing, in a quick motion the boy snapped the bone back into place. There was a pained screech, the beast, despite being weakened turned his head to glare at the boy who stood clutching it's wing. The boy was startled by this, and hesitated for a moment while the creature slowly laid it's head back onto the ground. When the opportunity presented it's self the teen took it, carefully using the vines to tie pieces of wood to the newly set wing. Both the creature and the teen looked at each other for a mew moment's before resetting their focus, the teen returned to the smouldering fire to rest his body against a cold rock, only to find himself staring at the creature in awe, "Well at least I am alive... for now".

~o0o0~

Days had passed, weeks even, he lost track after the first few days. Each day was warmer than the previous, winter had fully lost its grip on the trees, as the frost receded, the undergrowth flourished as well as animals and birds. Sea birds could be heard in the distance and the roar of the ocean hauntingly echoed within the dense green forest.

The cove, as nourishing as it was, was not enough to sustain the teen and his new friend. The creature ate a lot of the fish that the teen caught, they both started to thin out, the teen mostly as he did not want to end up on the menu himself. There was a passage near the top of the cove's walls with rocks and ledges that lead up to it. He decided to go up into the forest to search for food, he slid underneath a old shield that was lodged tightly in the rocks and made his way up to the top of the rock formation. He quietly wanked through the opening in the rock, a small natural tunnel, it's walls strewn with dew, moss already covered most of the rock, feeding on what little dew rolled down the cold stone surface.

The small cave opened up into the dense coniferous forest, the tall pine trees shrouded most of the sunlight, and what ever sunlight made its way to the forest floor was soaked up by the thick flora. The teen looked around, leaves fluttered in the cool sea breeze that swept under the green canopy, causing the green plants to slowly sway. His mind finally clicked back into place, back to the task at hand, he started looking for anything he could eat, berries, root vegetables, herbs, whatever he could fit into his small woven pouch. Over the course of the day the teen went back and forth to the cove so that he could deposit any thing that he scrounged from the forest.

It was near nighttime when the teen stumbled onto something while on his final trip to the cove, he had gone further than he anticipated and had stumbled onto a clearing where a old cobblestone path cut through the moss and the grass, curious, he followed it with his eyes, and to his surprise it lead to a large bridge. The bridge was built out of sturdy wood, tied together with rope and rusty iron pegs, and on the other side, a building of some sort. He kept low to the ground, and weaved in and out of bushes to avoid being seen by it's inhabitants.

He finally got close enough to see it's details, it was a wooden structure, diamond shaped roof tiles, with large creature shape heads carved into the pillars. A figure in the distance caught his eye, A

large man about six and a half feet tall, with a peg leg and a hook for a hand. He was crossing the bridge with a cart of weapons, the teen ducked back down into the bush, and held still, he hoped that the man did not see him, his breaths were short and they were quivering in fear, it was like his own body wanted him to be caught. The man passed and continued down the path. The teen let out a drawn out sigh, "Man that was close" He softly muttered under his breath, He left the area, hoping that no one saw him leave.

He arrived back at the entrance of the cove, the night had already set in, but the moon was full aiding him in the task of finding his way back. He gathered some wood and set up a fire, and started cooking a fish for him and the creature, he garnished his with some of the herbs that he found in the forest and rounded up any remaining fish for his friend, he put the fish down in front of the creature's snout and began to dig into his meal, he wanted to eat quickly to avoid the dilemma of having to cough one of his fish over, but at that point, it was too late, the creature had already scarfed down all the fish and was looking at him expectantly, It's eyes shifted to the teen's cooked fish as he cocked his mouth open, "Fine have it you pig!" He took the rest of his cooked fish and threw it into the creature's gaping maw, content with what the teen had given him, the creature closed his eyes and curled up by the fire. The creature's wing had fully healed, the only evidence of his injury was some tattering at the end of his wing, but other than that, he was good as new.

A sound in the distance caught the attention of the dragon, it's head swung up and focused into the darkness, and in a blink of an eye he opened his mouth, a flash of brilliant white lightning was shot from within and flew across the lake, it struck the rock face on the other side sending white sparks rippling in the surrounding area. The teen was shocked at what just happened, but then it hit him, he is a dragon!, his jaw dropped to the ground. It all started to make sense, the boat, him taking me.... he thought dragons were fierce killers, but when he looked into it's eyes, all he could see was pure delight. His eyes shifted, he stared into the swirling flames of the camp fire, the embers softly crackling, the bugs chirping, the serenity of the night. He looked back into the eyes of the dragon, it's pupils focused on the teen, "I think I will call you Bolt".

~o0o0o~

The days where flying by at break neck pace, everything was just a blur to the teen, the same routine every single day did not help at all, fishing in the morning, foraging in the afternoon, and scouting in the evening. The teen was just about done his morning fishing when something caught his eye, something in the water, a silvery glimmer on the bottom of the small lake. He waded through the waist deep water, a trail of silt stirred behind him. The water got deeper as he walked further, he let off a groan as a previously dry and warm area of his body submerged, he finally reached it, a small splotch, something made from metal. He let out a quiet sigh before he dipped his body below the surface of the cold water, he reached down to pick it up, it felt rough to the touch and was stuck in the silt. He pulled harder on the object, little by little the silt gave way, until the object was free, he was finally able to recognize its shape, It was dagger, part of it's metal was rusted, and other parts where caked in mud.

He looked at the weapon, it had a soaked wood handle and deteriorating leather wrap. On one face of the wooden handle had some text carved into it, He was hardly able to read it, Hiccup. He read. He slowly opened up the pouch at his side and placed the damaged knife inside. He made his way back to the shore, his soaked body shivered as the beads of water rolled off his skin. Back on land the teen made his way over to a pair of rocks, lying by the pair of stones laid a couple trout, he picked them up before continuing to wank over to bolt.

"Hey" he said as he looked at the dragon, it's attention was focused else where, on a bug that quietly fluttered around in the afternoon air, Bolt attempted to capture it, snapping his jaws at it each time the insect got close enough. "Hey" The teen said again, this time while snapping his fingers to gain Bolt's full attention, when the dragon finally looked up at him, he continued "I brought you a little something" The teen slapped the fish down in front of Bolt, he looked at the boy contently, Sparks arced between his spines. One of the sparks jumped off and fount's it's way to the teen's pouch, it continued down his leg and into his foot. He winched in pain and dropped the pouch, but the sparks kept striking it, like they where drawn towards it's contents. I kicked the cloth bag away from Bolt, to where the sparks were not able to reach it. He picked the bag back up, and opened it, the only content's of the bag was the dagger, and riddling the surface of the metal was black rings where the sparks struck.

Lightning struck the water's surface, the water vaporizing with each lick from the sparks, the gas hissing as it rose into the air. It was a new fishing technique that the teen had learned, Bolt would shoot lightning at the water and the fish within a few meters would float to the surface. He and Bolt where able to spend more time together fishing in the morning, and they were no longer hungry all the time, as they had all the fish they could need.

The teen was about to go out foraging when something caught him by surprise, it was a loud roar, but it did not come from bolt. The boy looked at him, his eyes darted off and looked into the distance behind the teen, the dragon's eyes narrowed, he jumped into a upright position, snarling at the whatever made the roar. The teen jumped a little as heard a thud behind him, a chill ran down his spine, his palms became clammy and his mussels started to tense. Bolt's mouth opened, "No Bolt" The teen looked at him with a stern expression, Bolt slouched back in frustration. The boy turned his head to the side and out of the corner of his eyes, he could see a large black smudge and human figure standing behind him.

2. Chapter 2: The Village in Berk

[(A/N) You may want to reacquaint yourselves to the previous chapter due to the addition or a extra part. Side note, Thanks to musickit for proof reading this chapter.]

It was a large dragon, its scales as black as the night sky. It bared its sharp teeth in a scowl, its green eyes sharpening at the sight of the boy. It had a saddle on its back and was missing part of its tail, only to be replaced by a red mechanical placeholder. Beside the dragon stood a stranger. He looked the same age as the teen did. He

had long orange-brown hair and was clothed in a green shirt, green pants and a leather vest. He was missing a foot; in its place was a prosthetic made of metal and wood. He took a step forward, his metal foot squeaking when it hit the ground. Bolt reacted and jumped over the teen to get in between the two. The boy's mouth opened. "Bolt, stand do—" The other dragon lunged at Bolt before he could say the rest.

The two dragons went down on the ground. They were jabbing and swiping at each other; the two seemed equal in strength. The other teen's jaw dropped. "Toothless, no! Get over here!" The dragon looked at him, startled. The tall teen outstretched a hand towards his dragon. "Bolt, stop." Bolt looked up suddenly and slowly slunk away from the other dragon, and sat beside the visibly startled teen, staring at the ground in shame.

"Who are you?" the stranger asked. The teen did not respond, not that he did not want to respond, but that he couldn't respond, he did not know. The two teens exchanged awkward glances. "Why are you here?" the stranger asked in a stern voice. The teen looked up at him. "I don't know, this is where I woke up."

"Well, if you're not going to provide a valid answer, I am going to have to bring you into town to have a little chat with my father." The stranger's voice lightened up. "And no one likes to chat with my father," he said with a chuckle.

The teen did not resist the stranger escorting them into town; he knew that he had nowhere to go, and nothing to lose. They walked along the dirty cobblestone path, and followed it over the bridge into the village. The village was more menacing in the day than it was night. The houses had carved wooden dragon heads on the roof's beams. Some buildings' wood was scorched and burnt in some places. Everyone was out and about doing their daily jobs; they stopped only to and stare at the two as they passed by. The teen could hear them whispering to the people around them.

The path lead to the centre of town. A large man emerged from one of the houses. "Hiccup, who is this?" he motioned at the teen.

"Dad, I found him in the cove, well him and his dragon," the teen responded, glancing at Bolt.

"Restrain the dragon and take it to the academy," the man said as he motioned towards Bolt. A few men emerged from the circle of people that had gathered around them. They used rope to tie Bolt's mouth shut. They grabbed his wings and legs and tied them together and as quick as they could they tied him up, lifted him up and jogged down the cobblestone path. "Take the boy to the stockade; we are going to have a little discussion there." Someone approached the teen from behind and slid a burlap sack over his head.

"Who are you!?" the leader said in a booming voice. A man approached him from out of the darkness; it was the same man who the teen saw crossing the bridge a few days prior. "Stoick, he's had enough. He is obviously telling the truth. He would have told you hours ago." His face straightened as he looked at the leader. "But Gobber—"

"Stoick, look at him, he has barely eaten in days!" He motioned towards the boy, who was bound to a post.

"But remember the Heather incident?" The leader's eyes shifted to the ground. "She helped the Outcasts, she betrayed us!" he continued.

"Yes, but only for the sake of her family... Stoick, he is innocent."

~o0o0o0~

Waking up in the jail cell during the days prior was not a nice feeling, but every day he woke up to the smell of a small bowl of fresh fish chowder. He would sit by the window and would scarf the food down to the sound of the bustling village. That day was the same; he had gotten the bowl and immediately dug in, quickly devouring the chunky soup, not sparing a single drop of it. A chuckle came from outside the boy's cell. He looked up. It was the teen who found him in the cove. "I see you like the fish stew!" he said with a grin. The teen looked up in acknowledgement. "It's Bucket's; I can take you to him if you want." he added. The boy looked at him again; he seemed sincere. "You're not much of a talker are you?" he said, unsettled. "Well, I have nothing to say," the boy retorted, looking at the ground. "Well I'm Hiccup," he said reassuringly.

It had been a month since the teen was let out of the dusty stockade, where he spent his time being bitter at the people of Berk, but since they let him out, he was living in peace with them, and in that jail cell he left all his bitterness behind. The people of Berk built him a small shelter just outside of town. It was nice and cozy; well... it was really cozy. It was a mere ten feet wide and fifteen feet long. It had a bed at the far end and a fire pit in the centre.

He was earning his daily keep by doing little jobs for everyone. He went fishing with Bucket and Mulch, he did some repairs on houses, he even worked the bellows for Gobber's forge, he did it all. Stoick, who was the leader of the tribe, let him see Bolt every now and then, although Bolt could only stay in the arena, so they were not able to go for walks in the forest like they used to. The teen honestly felt sorry for Bolt. He had nothing or nobody to curl up to at night. The teen could see the spark fading from his eyes, so every day he would play with him. Hiccup brought him some "Dragon Nip" to use on Bolt too.

While being free from the confines of the stockade, the teen was able to socialize with the others his age. There was Hiccup, Astrid, Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut and Fishlegs. Hiccup wore a green shirt, brownish-green pants and a leather vest. He also had a metal foot. He said that he had lost it in a battle with a giant dragon, though the teen only thought that he was exaggerating a bit. Astrid was a very violent girl, she would not hesitate to resort to physical violence if offended. She wore a leather skirt with iron spikes imbedded in it; she also sported a leather headband.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut were exactly the same as each other. Both of them had long white hair and both were dumber than a potato. And lastly Fishlegs: he was chubby, though he said that he was just husky, did the teen believe that? No. Fishlegs loved his dragon knowledge and would not stop blurting it out all the time. He seemed to have a mother-like relationship with his dragon. The other teens had nicknamed the boy Nightmare; this was because of his frequent

nightmares while in the Stockade. His nickname actually spread like wildfire throughout the village, though to a Viking, it was not that offensive at all.

"And then I was all like, need a haaand?" Tuffnut said with a grin on his face. He motioned at Astrid, pretending to hold a bone hand. Astrid's hand balled up into a fist and swung into Tuffnut's thigh. Tuffnut cringed.

"Ugh I will never, NEVER forgive you for that!" Astrid said, holding her fist up so she could strike again.

"That's what I am here for, making people mad!" Tuffnut said proudly. Tuff angled his head slightly, then Ruffnut slammed her head into the top of Tuff's.

"Okay, moving on before Astrid kills anyone," Hiccup said politely. Astrid's eyes averted from Tuffnut and focused intensely on Hiccup. Her eyes had fiery anger in them, but quickly subsided.

"So Nightmare, tell us more about yourself," Hiccup continued. Everyone's eyes shifted to the teen.

"I honestly don't know anything about myself, everything I know I have told you before," he responded.

"Have you tried to go to Gothi?" Hiccup asked. He put his hand on the teen's shoulder.

"Your village elder? I don't think that will help me at all, nothing can recover my memories..." he responded.

"Well you should at least try. I can give you a lift to Gothi's house on Toothless."

The wind rushed past the teen's face. He did not know how high up they were, but still he clenched his teeth and his eyes shut anyways. He dug his nails into the leather saddle. He was afraid of falling, of the impact that he would experience; it would certainly be his last experience. He only dared to peek through his shut eyes; they were slowly spiralling up a cliff face. At the peak stood a lone house. "There it is," Hiccup shouted, the sound of the wind almost drowning him out. The teen opened his eyes. It was amazing, the sun slowly setting on the horizon. The same surreal that he'd experienced in the cove swept over him again. His grip on the saddle's edge loosened. He let go of his fear and his anxieties. He swept his hand across the black hide of the dragon. Its scales tickled his fingertips.

He became engulfed in a whirlwind of sensations. Time seemed to melt. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath in, letting the fresh air fill him with the essence of life itself. Before he knew it, he heard a thump, and he slowly opened his eyes and they were there. He dismounted Toothless and the two left him on the deck of the house. The house was old. It had scars and scorch marks all over it. It teetered precariously on the tip of the mountain; how it lasted so long he would never know. He slowly approached the doorway. It opened with the sound of an ominous creak. A small elderly woman with a wooden staff was inside. It was Gothi.

Gothi did not talk, but she did write depictions in a box full of coarse sand. She asked him to explain what had happened and what he remembered, and each time he would say something, she drew some more in the sand. The teen looked at the picture. "Oh, you want me to sit down and think?" he softly said. She nodded. He pulled up the closest chair and shut his eyes, letting his mind run free.

He was in the dark, nothing was around him. He knew that he was dreaming but something stuck out to him. It was a rope in the middle of nothing, just black void. He carefully approached the rope and picked it up in his hand. The rope started to grow in length. He held onto the end of the rope, but the rope swung around and wrapped itself around his wrist a few times. The black void started to fade into a scene from his distant memories.

He was on a ship, and was using the rope that he had in hand to hoist the sails. He was with a bunch of men. They were preparing for battle; they all had their swords and maces ready. Then from out of the storm clouds lightning struck, but this time it was not the people that it struck, but all the metal weapons. The dragon smashed the ship into pieces.

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The next day the other teens had already left for one of their missions, so the teen decided to pay a visit to Bolt in the arena. His legs were quite tired by the time that he reached the cage, Bolt was out in the centre knocking a large rock around the arena and cheerfully chasing it. The teen let out a quiet sigh and touched the chain-link cage, it quietly rattled under his palm. Bolt came to a dead stop, he reared back on his legs, and his head swivelled to look at the teen. As soon as he saw his companion, he jumped up onto the rock ledge and clung to the chains, he licked the teen through the chain barrier, his tongue tingled and stung the teen at the same time, it left a wet patch where he had licked.

The teen turned around and started walking towards the entrance of the arena, He stopped, he heard the low rumble of beating dragon wings. He turned his head to see who was coming, It was Stoick, the thunder drum touched down with a loud thud and his rider hopped off of the saddle. Stoick approached the teen, "I thought I would find you here!" Stoick chuckled, "Well, bolt is my best friend, I have no reason not to see him, it's kind of sad that he has to stay caged" The teen sighed. "Actually that is what I came here for, to tell you that all the restrictions have been removed" he cheerfully exclaimed, Stoick and the teen walked down the corridor to the gate, Bolt was sitting patiently behind the portcullis. Stoick flipped the leaver and the gate opened with a rumbling clunk.

The teen stretched his arm and placed his hand on Bolts snout. "Thank you" he sincerely replied, "Hey Bolt, Stoick is going to let you out!" the teen said cheerfully. Bolt looked at Stoick, his eyes rounded, and in a blink of an eye he jumped onto Stoick and pinned him down. Stoick struggled but it was too late, Bolt's tongue flew out of his mouth and started licking Stoick's face, Stoick grunted as the moist tongue went up and down his face, Bolt loosened his grip on Stoick's arms. Stoick got up chuckling, "Yea, he says thank you too" The teen added with a smile on his face.

The forest got denser the further the two walked, the ferns and

bushes almost became unbearable, the flora was reaching up to drink up every last ray that the sun produced. The plants tried to choke one another, leaving the strongest alive while the others died underneath them. If the teen had not gotten the whole forest memorized, the two would have gotten lost, but those foraging afternoons came handy again. They arrived at the cove, it had not changed a bit since they last left it, the remains of the fire pit still scorched the ground.

The boy approached the water, Remembering what happened the day he awoke, he looked at his reflection on the calm surface of the lake. His Face was his first appearance that He can remember, his short brown hair flipped up at the front, his soft blue eyes resembling the waves in a river, a hardly noticeable two inch scar that ran above his left eyebrow. He became aware of him self again, he had been staring at his reflection for a few minutes, his eyes shifted to his side, Bolt was beside him just watching, The dragon reared up on his two legs and started hopping. Every time Bolt wanted to go for a walk, he did that routine to get the teen's attention. "Okay Bolt, shall we take our usual rout?" Bolt responded in an exaggerated nod.

They followed their regular path, it was a loop around the cove, then they would walk to the highest point in the forest and then walk all the way back to the cove. They got to the high point, and were looking over the tree canopy towards the sea stacks, the other teens where patrolling or training, the two watched the others as they weaved in and out of the Sea stacks. Hiccup and Astrid were in the front, the twins were flying upside down in third, Snotlout was flailing around while hanging off his dragon, and Fishlegs was in last. The two stayed at the vantage point for a good hour, the other teens were long gone and the sun was peacefully setting over the sea. They departed for the great hall to grab dinner.

The two arrived at the hall just after sunset, everyone was flocking through the entrance to grab their dinner. The teen brought bolt up the steps to the doors, Bolt happily hopping along beside him. They reached the doors, Bolt tried to nudge the doors wider so he could fit through, "Bolt, your going to have to stay outside with the other dragons" The teen looked at Bolt sternly, He was not sure if the message got through to the dragon. Bolt did not look impressed though, he had not seen his friend a lot during the previous weeks, and he wanted to spend all his time with the boy. Bolt slinked off to the side, he made a groaning sound as he joined the other dragons who were outside as well. The teen could not take his eyes off of the dragon, He hoped that he would get along well with the other dragons. Bolt cocked his head at the teen and their eyes met, The boy caught his tone as he turned away.

He had grabbed his food, and headed over to the group of teens, He placed his plate onto the table. "Hey guys, how was your day training? He said as he sat down between Snotlout and Ruffnut. Everyone looked exhausted, "I take that as an awesome" He sarcastically chuckled. "Ugh it was terrible, Astrid created the exercise today, we had to chase each other through the sea stacks and try to knock each other off their dragon. My whole body hurts because my pig-headed dragon threw me off!" Snotlout groaned. Astrid stared at Snotlout, her stare pierced his ego and frightened him a bit. Hiccup was quick to change the topic "So Nightmare, why did you pick the name Bolt for your skrill?" "Well we were back at the cove

and..." The teen faded off into silence, the others were looking at him intently, they were expecting an answer, but his mind was focused on something else.

"Is everything Okay Nightmare?" Hiccup asked worried, it took the boy some time to work his courage up. "Its just... I lost everything that I owned apart from the cloths on my back, even my name, Hiccup, I don't have a name" there was an emanating pain in the back of his throat and his voice quivered as he spoke. Snotlout jumped to the point "Yea you do, its Nightmare" "No, actually, Nightmare is a nickname." He responded in a bitter voice. Astrid jumped in "I have an idea!, How about we name you, like we did with our dragons!" she said enthusiastically, "I like Nightmare, just stick to it, it suits you" Snotlout blatantly added.

The twins whispered to each other, "Me and Ruffnut have decided, You're going to be called Destruction" Tuffnut blurted out. "I think you should be called Thorin" Fishlegs added, he looked happy with the idea he came up with, "Do you get it? The God of thunder, your dragon is a skrill, tell me you get it" he smugly continued. "Actually, I like that name... Thorin" A huge weight had just been lifted off the teen's chest, his mind finally was at peace, "Thank Thor".

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The days started to become shorter with each passing minute, everyone in berk started to prepare for the freeze, "Devastating winter" they called it. Thorin and bolt helped mulch and bucket with fishing, gathering a large amount of fish to feed the dragons as well as the village, each trip filled the store house even more, and it seemed to becoming a problem of space rather than the risk of starvation. The four of them would go out on the longboat, Bolt would strike the surface of the water with a powerful lightning blast. The fish would float up dead, and the two men would collect the fish in the nets. With each lightning blast that Bolt fired, Bucket cringed on the opposite side of the boat. They had filled ten nets full of fish by the time they headed back to shore.

The two men heaved as they hooked the filled nets onto Bolt's sharp spines, Bolts legs tensed as more and more weight was added. In total bolt had half of all the nets upon his back, Bolt and Thorin walked the long trek up the wooden walkway to the storehouse. The wooden planks creaked and groaned with each lumbering step that Bolt took. They reached the storehouse in no time, and unloaded the nets into barrels filled with concentrated brine water.

Thorin sighed and turned to look at Bolt hoping he would be up for another trip to the docks to pick up the last batch of nets, but what he saw was an exhausted dragon that was strewn across the cobblestone path. Thorin felt terrible that he worked him so hard, he was able to get the exhausted dragon onto his feet and back to the cabin, Bolt got through the door and collapsed onto the floor. it took all of the room in the cabin for him to be comfortable, but it was the least Thorin could do for his exhausted friend.

"Exhausted Dragon, Huh?" a voice broke through the sound of the dragon's panting, Thorin turned around to see who it was. Hiccup was standing in the doorway, His eyes focused on his face, Hiccup could tell that Thorin was upset, his facial expression softened. "He needs

some rest" his eyes shifted to Bolt who was lying on his belly. "Yeah, I know" Thorin sighed "I just feel so guilty... this is all my fault" he continued, "No one could have seen it coming, Dragons have a Nasty habit of hiding their exhaustion as well as their pain." Hiccup reassured the teen "How about tomorrow, when bolt is rested, you and Bolt could come flying with us, he'll love it" he continued, "I don't know-" Thorin replied, looking uneasy "It will be Fine"

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Thorin had spent the night at Hiccup's house. Stoick let him stay there overnight while Bolt slept in the cabin. He got up early to feed Bolt before their first flight together. Thorin had a light meal before he arrived at the cabin in fear that he may lose it later on. Bolt was fully rested; he quickly scarfed down the fish that the teen brought him. He looked up at Thorin, his gaze running up and down the teen's body as he purred happily. Thorin walked outside. It was a nice sunny morning; there were only a few clouds in the sky, hovering just above the sunrise. There was a slight breeze that washed over the island. Bolt squeezed himself through the open door to get out and made a huffing sound as he jumped into the air, flying in exquisite circles over head as Thorin walked down the path to the Arena.

They arrived at the arena an hour later. The red glow of morning gave way, and day took hold. The two entered through the portcullis into the arena. The other teens had just started to gather there; Fishlegs, Ruff, Tuff, and Hiccup were all waiting within. A screech echoed through the entrance as a figure flew perfectly through the gate; it was Astrid and her Nadder. They were waiting for one last person, Snotlout. "Ugh where is he? Fishlegs said, annoyed. Thorin paced around back and forth; he was nervous but excited. His mind was racing. The group heard a piercing scream as Snotlout ran through the gate with panic in his eyes. His clothes smouldering, he hurtled some crates and dunked himself in a trough of water to extinguish the flame.

His dragon smugly walked through the gate and into the arena, proud of what he did. Everyone could tell by his face. "Pig-headed dragon," Snotlout muttered to himself. The dragon glanced at Snotlout and opened his mouth. Snotlout flinched in fear, but realized that he was just humiliated by his dragon. "Alright guys, you go on ahead, I will stay back with Thorin; he will need my help getting started." Hiccup motioned towards the gate. "Oh yeah, Astrid is in charge," he continued. The other teens groaned as they exited the arena.

Hiccup turned to Thorin. "First thing about dragons is that you need to let them trust you. Now, you have passed that step already, so let's get onto the good stuff." Hiccup shuffled through a nearby crate. He pulled out a saddle and handed it to the teen. It was an old thing; it had plenty of marks on it. Thorin walked over to Bolt and slung the saddle onto Bolt's shoulders, and ran the straps under his belly and around his neck. He wanted to make sure it was properly on Bolt, so he pulled the straps taut. The teen watched Bolt as he shrugged his shoulders to get the saddle settled. Sighing, Thorin walked up to the side of the Skrill, and mounted the dragon.

Bolt's wings began to beat in a rhythm so closely tied to the beating of his heart. The Skrill's breathing sped up as he lifted off the

ground. Thorin's heart dropped into his stomach as he saw the height that the duo had already achieved. He felt sick to his stomach, like he was near death; his mind did not trust Bolt, yet his heart did. Hiccup was riding Toothless beside the two, noticing Thorin's facial expression. Hiccup knew how Thorin felt.

They were now flying higher than the clouds, the white mist leaving a cold film of water on their faces as they passed through the layer. "Do you trust your dragon?" Hiccup asked, his words almost being blown away by the howling wind.

"I don't know!" Thorin's face hardened.
"I know how you feel, but you need to trust your dragon completely. You need to take a leap of faith," he motioned down towards the ground.

Thorin knew that he had to overcome his fear. His fingers loosened, and his brain screamed at him to hold on. He tipped off Bolt's saddle and started plummeting towards Berk. His mind went silent as he fell with his back towards the ground. He looked up. He kept getting further and further from Hiccup and Toothless. Thorin watched as Bolt wrapped his wings around his body in a mind-boggling dive. In no time Bolt had caught up with the teen mid-fall. He peeked through a crack in his folded wings; the dragon had worry in his eyes. Thorin had taken a leap of faith and trusted in his dragon, and that trust had paid off. Thorin used his arms and legs to flip himself and guide him to the saddle. He grabbed on with all his might and held on as Bolt pulled out of the dive. Hiccup and Toothless did a spectacular dive to rejoin with Thorin and Bolt. He guided the two to the other teens.

The four eventually found their way to the others. The group were flying laps around the island to work on their rider-dragon bond. The exercise helped both rider and dragon think like each other and to successfully work together. They joined them mid-flight. The group were just about to enter the next section. It was a tough section of sea stacks on the northeast side of the island. The wind bit into Thorin's face, and stung every bit of exposed flesh. He and Bolt were able to keep pace with Hiccup and Toothless. The two weaved in and out of cracks and threaded holes in the stone faces. Bolt was in bliss; he was able to do his favourite activity with his best friend. The two pulled a hairpin turn around a sea stack. Thorin's body felt twice as heavy as it normally did, and he was forced into the saddle. His stomach was being pushed into his feet, while his arms struggled to stay up. Bolt levelled out, and continued to dodge wrecked ships and more sea-stacks. The other teens pulled a sharp upright turn and landed on top of a sea-stack; Thorin and Bolt followed.

The dragons panted as the riders rested, their large chests rising and falling slowly. They were waiting for one last rider, Fishlegs. They could hear the rumbling that Meatlug made as she beat her tiny wings. The dragon and her rider rose up from below the sea-stacks to join the rest on the edge of the cliff. "Alright, it is time to do the next exercise," Astrid shouted over the wind. "Find the targets and take them out." The targets were scattered throughout the sea-stacks. Some were in boats, some on the tops, and some hidden in nooks. "Alright Snotlout you're on first, you have thirty seconds to take as many as you can," she continued, looking at the teen and his Nightmare.

Snotlout and Hookfang took off, the dragon's wings beating slowly in the strong wind. Snotlout tugged on Hookfang's horns and the dragon

let out a stream of flames that coated a target. The two of them raced around the sea-stacks taking out each target out one by one. The thirty seconds were up and they returned to the platform.

"Alright Snotlout you hit 5 targets, and missed three shots," Astrid said as she watched the targets burn in the distance. She looked back up at the group. "Alright let's see how you perform Thorin." Thorin looked confusingly at the girl, had she just chosen him to go even though he had just started training? Thorin paused for a moment, shifting his eyes around the area, making mental notes where targets were. Before long he looked up and mounted Bolt. The dragon's massive muscles flexed as the teen got on. Bolt walked up the cliff face and took off.

They flew to the nearest target. It was in a shape of a Viking who had a shaggy beard hastily drawn on. Thorin's mind drifted to remember what Hiccup told him about shooting. Thorin positioned the dragon's head in line with the target and gave the Skrill a slight kick in the side. Thorin felt his hair stand on end as sparks rippled through his spines and leapt towards him. They dug their way into his body with a tremendous amount of pain. Thorin's mind wanted him to scream, but his body did not respond. His hands released the saddle's handles, and he started to plummet. Everything was in slow motion, as he continued moving forward. Thorin smashed into a sea stack, the impact was great enough to gash his arm. The teen wanted to protect himself but his body was still frozen.

He could see everything, the sweat off his forehead and the blood from the gash suspended in midair, each liquid forming tiny droplets. He kept falling, the blood and sweat trailing away from his wounded body. He struck the water. The shock of the cold brine water added to the pain that emanated throughout his body. He sunk into the darkness. The water stung his gash and started leaching all his heat away. His body was broken, his mind was panicked. He tried to hold his breath for as long as he could. His body could not handle it any more. He felt the seal on his mouth break, and the heat-leaching water washing into his body. He felt cold, and his vision was fading to black, but a surreal calm entered him. He had accepted death. The cold water consumed him as he sunk.

Hiccup watched in horror as Thorin's body flew lifelessly through the air. He struck the water and disappeared in its deep blue grasp. Bolt let out a panicked screech, and attempted to save Thorin. He dived into the cold water, but surfaced with nothing. He was shocked. He sat there watching his friend sink with his mouth wide open. Hiccup knew what he had to do. The teen quickly mounted Toothless and he dived off the cliff into the deep water. The water immediately stung as it came into contact with his body. Toothless propelled himself through the water with his massive wings, each stroke propelling them faster and faster. Toothless burst through the surface of the water and inhaled deeply; Hiccup clung to the Night Fury with all his might and inhaled, ready to be emerged back into the freezing water.

The other teens were in the water as well. Snotlout and Hookfang suddenly surged out of the swirling waves. In Hookfang's talons lay Thorin, his arm draped down, limp as a rope. Everyone followed Snotlout as he brought Thorin to the top of the sea stack; Hookfang's claws loosened and carefully laid him down on the ground. The group surrounded his limp body. Thorin had a gash on his right arm and water was trickling out of his mouth and nose. Astrid rushed over to Thorin and put her ear to his chest. "He is not breathing." Panic

arose in her voice. Bolt softly groaned; he had a sad guilt in his eyes. He knew what he had done and it killed the Skrill inside, but he could do nothing about it apart from nudge Thorin's body with his snout.

Astrid looked up at the rest of the teens; her eyes said it all. Astrid placed her hands onto Thorin's chest and started to put all her weight into forcing his chest up and down; it failed. Astrid tried again but was unsuccessful, everybody was troubled. Astrid was kneeling beside Thorin's lifeless corpse. Her face hardened as she tried to force her emotions down. Hiccup reached out and placed his hand upon her shoulders, but at the touch of his hand, she got up and walked to the cliff. She sat down and let her legs hang over its edge. They all hung their heads in despair as Bolt tried to wake Thorin, but he was only met with silence.

Bolt whimpered as he sat close to his dead friend, their dead friend. Bolt laid his head across Thorin's chest and let off a grumble. Bolt raised his head only to lick his best friend one last time, running his tongue across Thorin's chest. Sparks rippled down his tongue and into the body of his fallen companion. Thorin's body surged, his muscles contracted in a ghostly manner, and then returned to normal. It caught everybody off guard. Everyone's eyes were on their friend's cold pale body. His chest rose and fell and his eyes flickered open, Thorin was back. He pealed over and coughed up red water and collapsed again. The teens rushed over to him. He was shivering up a storm and coughing furiously.

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It had been a few days since the accident, and everything was back to normal. Mulch was taking care of Thorin, who had gained his strength back with each passing hour, and the other teens were training at the sea stacks again. Hiccup was in the smithy working on Toothless's tail. Some salt water had seeped into one of the rotation sockets and rusted the whole part from the inside out. Toothless was watching his friend put all his weight into the bellows. With each pump the fire ferociously roared, the hot embers cracked and popped, throwing sparks everywhere. The heat pelted the teen's face as he approached the blaring forge. He put the damaged rod deep into the fire's embers; the rod gently started to glow red. Hiccup removed the deformed rod and swung his smithing hammer into the red iron. The red glow slowly receded as he formed the metal's end into a ball.

Hiccup saw a figure approach from the side, a tall figure. He quenched the iron in a bucket of water and turned to meet the person. It was Thorin, dressed in his usual garments: two leather bands that extended from his wrist to his mid forearm, a fur coat, his brown pants, and boots. All of Thorin's colour had returned to his face and the only evidence of the accident was a scabbed over gash on his right arm. "Shouldn't you be resting?" Hiccup glanced at Thorin.

>"What ever happened to 'nice to see you?'" he chuckled quietly. "Anyways, I am fine, but I did not come here to get away from Mulch, I came here to talk to you," he continued.
"Oh, about what?" Hiccup looked at the part that he just finished.

>"I want to fly with Bolt... with you guys," he focused his eyes on Toothless, and then back at Hiccup.
"You know you can't, it's way too dangerous to ride Bolt," he continued to work on the rusted socket, molding the metal back into shape.

>"Yes, I understand, But I have been thinking, back in the cove before we met, I noticed something. Bolt's sparks where drawn to your old knife, and when I moved it, they followed. Hiccup, they are attracted to the metal." Thorin removed a scroll that was strapped onto his back, and approached a wooden pillar. He held the paper to its surface, removed an old dagger from its sheath and pinned it to the pole. On the paper was a design plan. It was an armour set, a full solid iron helmet with no horns, and full scale mail body armour.
"Look Thorin, this will never work, I know you want to-"

>"Please Hiccup, just do me this favour, I will owe you." His voice was stiff, as he looked off into the distance and awaited an answer.
"Alright."

Toothless lumbered over to Hiccup while he slammed the hammer into the glowing iron. The teen drew the metal into a flat sheet; the metal slowly cooled as the hammer impacted the metal. Toothless let of a slow burning flame onto the metal sheet and the metal softened as the flames licked its surface. "Alright Toothless, that's enough." The dragon let off a subtle purr as the flame receded back into his mouth. Hiccup's hammer bent the metal sheet over the horn of the anvil. The shape started to show as the helmet slowly took shape. He quickly punched out the eye sockets and the mouth guard pivot hole with his hammer before it cooled. Hiccup picked up the hot metal with the smithing tongs and quenched the piece of metal in the bucket; it sizzled violently as the water came into contact with it.

Thorin was sitting in the corner staring into the fire of the forge. Hiccup had already completed the rest of the armour, and the helmet was the last piece. Thorin broke free from the captive effects of the fire as Hiccup approached him. Thorin was a good six foot two tall. He had in his hands the rest of the armour; the plates and scales softly rattled against each other. The last part of the helmet was the retractable leather mouth guard. Hiccup scored the leather with his dagger and tore the pieces apart. The leather fit perfectly into the helmet and was then faceted with a small iron peg. He turned to Thorin and outstretched the helmet towards him. Thorin had already gotten suited up while Hiccup completed the helmet; the armour fit perfectly on the teen. Thorin took the helmet from Hiccup's hands and slowly put it over his head.

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The wind forcefully rushed over Thorin's armour as it tried to push him off his dragon, the air thrashing and screaming as it swept over the teen. The brisk air seeping under the scales chilled him to the bone. But he did not mind, his mind was quiet, at peace, it was where he felt the most alive. The sun quietly rose over the sea, distant islands poked hazily out of mist and the sea, like they were trying to keep their heads out of the cold water. The sunlight streamed through the air and coloured the clouds with stunning shades of pink and orange, each wave in the sea that the light touched caused the cold water to light up in warm sparkles, stretching across its the entire surface. The light found its way through Thorin's helmet. It stung his eyes, the brightness overpowering his view. He hastily blinked, so that his eyes could adjust to its blinding effects.

Bolt softly hummed as he brought the two down into a patch of sea stacks. His powerful muscles adjusted to steer around one of the large pillars, the waves reaching up to the sky as they hit the base

of the rock. Wooden targets were scattered throughout the stacks; the other teens had forgotten about them when Thorin nearly died. The teen softly tugged on Bolt's neck to position the dragon's head towards one of the targets. He nudged the dragon's side with his feet. Sparks and lightning arched between Bolt's spines. They jumped towards Thorin and struck his armour. The sparks jumped from scale to scale, the surface of his armour illuminated by the hundreds of tiny sparks that rippled down the iron armour. Bolt let off a spectacular blast of lightning; it sailed through the air with precise accuracy and struck the target; the wooden target exploded in brilliant flaming fragments as well as small streaks of lightning. Pieces of the target rained down into the sloshing sea as Bolt pulled a sharp upright turn and pulled out of the sea stacks.

Thorin pulled back on the saddle and brought Bolt into a gut-wrenching loop followed by a downward spiral. The Skrill let off a quick purr of enjoyment as they felt their guts move. Bolt was enjoying the time they spent together; he would wake Thorin up every morning to go on a walk, and every time there was a lightning storm he would beg the teen to go out flying with him. With each lightning strike he would wrap his wings around Thorin and dive towards the ground only to pull up at the last second. The two continued to work together to pull off amazing stunts, each time they did, they would get a little better.

A roar behind the two broke through the sound of the wind, Thorin and Bolt turned to meet the sound. Hiccup was riding his dragon, Toothless, and was making short work of the gap between the two riders, quickly catching up with Thorin and Bolt. "You know, if you bring your body closer to the saddle you will gain some extra speed."

>The words almost being blown out of his mouth, Thorin hastily lifted the leather mouth guard on his helmet to speak. "Yea, Thanks." Both dragons were yapping at each other, the low rumbling of their voices rattled in his helmet.
"I think they like each other," Hiccup said as he noticed what was distracting Thorin.

>"Yea, I wish I knew what they were talking about," Thorin said with a short chuckle.
"That would be cool," Hiccup returned. "If you want I can help you train with Bolt, you know, show you the complex yet cooler things." He looked at Thorin and awaited an answer. Thorin thought about it for a second, each option of how he could get out the offer flying through his head, but each excuse would sound rude. He slowly turned and met Hiccup with a quick nod.

The two dragons met their riders midway through a dive. They slowly spun around the teens in a helix pattern. Bolt peeked through his folded wings like he did the first time. Much had changed since the first time, Thorin was no longer scared of flying, he actually preferred it over walking. The two plummeting teens passed through the cloud layer and the time had come, Thorin reached his hand out and snagged the saddle, and so did Hiccup. Thorin pulled himself into the saddle with a great force as Bolt pulled out of the dive. Toothless and Hiccup had kept pace and were flying beside them. They had been training for a rather long time, the sun was high in the sky and was about to reach mid-point.

"Hiccup! Look at the time!" Thorin yelled over the wind. Hiccup's head swivelled upwards and was greeted with the light of the sun; he quickly nodded and forced himself and the dragon into an angled dive towards the town. Bolt dove into a vertical dive, and flattened out

with a great speed. He weaved through trees and hills and was greeted by the old familiar wooden bridge. Hiccup was already in the great hall for lunch by the time Thorin and Bolt got to the doors. The teen quickly dismounted and sent the Skrill on his way to the other dragons. Thorin slid through the massive doors to the hall, its stuffy warm air smelling of fish soup and cabbage.

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The day was coming to a close. Thorin and Hiccup were chatting after a long day of training. Their dragons were making strange sounds at each other, as if gossiping amongst themselves. The sun hung low as it reached for the horizon. The riders flew through the sea stacks to the ledge where Thorin and Bolt used to walk to, the orange sun hanging peacefully over the sea stacks as darkness took its turn.

"And then I told Snotlout to put his tongue in the bowl of spit!" Hiccup exclaimed as they both chuckled. A faint roar in the distance brought their conversation to a peaceful close. A dragon in the distance flew out of the treeline at a breakneck pace, the figure was faint, but Thorin could tell it was Astrid and her Nadder. He glanced over at Hiccup. He could tell by the way Hiccup's eyes were glued to the silhouette that he also knew who it was. Hiccup let out a faint sigh.

"You like her, don't you," Thorin prodded.

"Yea, but it's complicated."

"I have time," Thorin jokingly laughed.

"Where to start..." Hiccup thought to himself for a minute. "My tribe has social standards, and there are a lot of things that come in my way. First off, I am quite shy about it; secondly there is a whole thing about age, we have to be older for a relationship to work, and my family name is of a 'higher' class than hers." Hiccup's eyes diverted and looked off into the sunset. Hiccup was silent for minutes; something was being thrown around his mind.

"What's the matter Hiccup?" Thorin looked up. Hiccup pondered the question for a minute.

"I am just... just worried, about the village, in the last couple of months a lot of our fighters and warriors have retired, because of the lack of conflict, and now... now we are exposed, and with Alvin building an army, it is now when we are weakest, when an attack would be devastating."

"I would fight for Berk."

Hiccup looked up at Thorin, startled. "You have used a sword or an axe before?" he said sarcastically.

"No, but I could get one of the warriors to train me."

"They won't accept a teenager as their student, we are too young."

Thorin pondered on it for a moment. "What about Astrid? She is

experienced in combat."

"That's suicide, you know that?" Hiccup said jokingly. "But you can give it a try".

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"Ugh where is she? Did she not say to meet here after lunch?" Thorin looked towards the confused Skrill, who was playing with a rock on the ground and clearly did not understand a word that he said, but gave off a purr of agreement anyways. They were in a patch of trees by two large boulders; the trees around them were scarred; the wounds had healed but left bulbous lesions riddling their bark. A heavy wind rattled the leaves, followed by a loud thud that shook the surroundings. Thorin's head swivelled to meet Astrid. She had in her hands two axes and a broad sword. She laid down the sword and an axe, while keeping her own axe by her side. The two dragons greeted each other with strange sounds, and quickly leapt up into the chilly air, leaving Thorin and Astrid to train. "Hey, uh, thanks for doing this," he said as he rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly.

>"Yea, no problem," she looked up at him from inspecting her axe and motioned towards the weapons lying on the mossy ground. Thorin eyed the two choices quickly, and reached down to pick up the battle-axe in one hand and the sword in the other.<p>

The axe was a hefty piece of hardware. He laid the sword down on the ground and swung the axe violently into the air; its blade quickly came down, but was slow to strike again. The weapon did not feel right. Thorin dropped the axe and picked up the sword, holding the blade in one hand and the handle in the other. He eyed the blade of the sword hastily. The blade shimmered in the mid-day sun. The teen brought the blade in to a swing; its iron flowed through the air with ease. It felt natural to him, as if the blade was just an extension of his body. Thorin's eyes looked up at the girl standing to his side. "I think I will go with the sword."

>Astrid eyed him warily "You're going with a sword? If I were you I would have gone for the axe, but oh well." She turned and faced a tree opposite of the boy. "Oh, and by the way, two things; one, you have to listen to me and obey everything I say; and secondly, you will never be better than me," and with that she whipped her axe thirty feet into the tree.<p>

"You're doing well," Astrid said as she watched Thorin intently. He swung his sword into the brisk evening air. "Now that you know the basic strikes, how about you attack that tree over there? Also make sure you use all the strikes I taught you." Thorin's eyes shifted and focused onto the tree that she motioned to, its bark riddled with marks and deep gouges. His eyes narrowed and he tuned everything else out. The teen quickly broke into a harrowing sprint and leapt full force at the tree. His sword swung over his head, and cut into the tree's stiff flesh; the blade deflected out of the tree as it completed its full swing. The sword rung as he stuck the landing with a roll to the side. His head turned to face the tree; Astrid was in the background watching him. The trees all of a sudden seemed to transform into human-like figures. Each figure was battle clad and unique to one another, but these figures were different than anything he had ever seen before; they had bark for skin and seemed to bear their green leafy smile in a scowl.

The background started to fade away into a red mist. As the tree

figures started to surround him from all sides, he brought his sword into defensive position, crossing his chest with the blade. The circle seemed to become tighter as subtle voices agitated his ears in a tongue he did not understand. Thorin's mind went numb as he brought his sword up to strike the foes. The sword cleaved the head off one opponents, it fell to the ground with a thunderous thud. Another strike delivered in a upwards swing sent the arm of another opponent flying overhead. Another target loomed overhead, bearing a sword as dull as burnt earth in a pose ready to strike; the sword, almost having a mind of its own, parried, the blade sending a chunk cleaved from the rest of the sword to the ground. The ring of foes had been defeated, but a snap of a twig pivoted his body around. Thorin's blade swung around and caressed the neck of the foe, a frightened face, not like the others, met with his in a deadlock stare.

The foe did not have bark for skin, and was not battle clad either. The voices in his head started to make sense; they were whispering sadistic ideas into his mind. "Kill her." "Take one last slice." "Finish it!"

The red started to fade from sight and the body parts that littered the ground morphed back into sticks and smashed wood, his eyes met to a familiar face, that of a girl. It took Thorin's numb mind a second to click the pieces back into position. It was Astrid. She was too frightened to move, and so was he. Thorin somehow still bore his face in an aggressive manner, his expression softened as his mind was cleared of the voices. Thorin's mind screamed when he saw where he had his sword tip, and awkwardly pulled the tip of the sword slowly away from Astrid's neck. She gasped for air as he sheathed the sword, the blade singing as it slid in.

End
file.